

and there built a second cottage—why, he hardly knew himself; he was even wiser than he knew.

"Some one may come," he thought vaguely. Then he had a fine idea. He began to nail massive beams to the mighty limbs of an elm on his tiny estate, and on this novel platform he built a summer-house, reached by a staircase within the hollow trunk. This afforded the old fellow a delightful panorama of the lovely valley of the Seine, as he sat and smoked his pipe on a summer's eve, looking down upon the city where he, too, had so recently borne the heat and burden of the day.

One morning some young students from the great Sorbonne University found Guesquin on his perch, and with merry laughter insisted on joining him, even at the risk of perilous overcrowding, such as might well have resulted in a tumble into the wild-rose brambles, thirty feet below. These lively college boys were in truth the making of this novel resort.

"What shall we call it?" they wondered. And immediately the utter loneliness and the lofty lookout in the tree suggested Defoe's immortal hero. "Let's dub it 'Robinson,'" cried one, in a flash of inspiration. With that the lads ran away to spread the fame of the charming spot.

Soon there was not a tree within a mile or so of Guesquin's that had not a restaurant or pleasure pavilion clasped within its leafy bosom. All Paris was delighted with the notion, and the country roads were fairly lined with "explorers," all seeking the now familiar effigy of Robinson Crusoe at the entrance to the novel village.

Shooting galleries, merry-go-rounds, donkeys and ponies were added to Robinson's attractions. The place is now the great resort of middle-class families, especially on a Sunday afternoon. During the week there is a constant succession of wedding parties, especially of the working classes.

These good folk have a merry time. They go for pony rides, take walks in the woods, besiege the swings, have their portraits taken under the forest trees and finally tramp up the creaking stairways that lead to the restaurants in the air. Of these there are entire streets, and the service is arranged by ropes and pulleys from the kitchens below.—St. Nicholas.

THE FRUITS OF THE GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHERS.

Our ancestors of the long ago never tasted our great, luscious cherries, pink and yellow, crimson or black; they had only the bitter, little wild cherry, the small, wild strawberry, blackberry and plums. Their apples, which Shakespeare called "crabs," resembled the crab apple of our day. In England they were roasted to rid them of their bitter taste. The only orange known was the wild-hedge orange of China and India. Bananas were only familiar to people in the tropics. A poisonous shrub in Persia was the ancestor of our peach tree. Our delicious and medicinal grape fruit was almost unknown to the world three decades ago, and even now seldom reaches Europe.—The Youth's World.

THE ANIMAL SCHOOL.

Did you ever hear of the animal school?

No? Then I will tell you about it.

Miss Willow was the teacher, and the reason she was chosen was—why do you suppose? Because she had so many switches about. If any one didn't behave, she would reach out one of her long arms and get a switch, and them—un-m-m-m-M-M!

The scholars were: the donkey with his long ears; the owl, always half asleep; and the stamping horse; the woolly sheep; the billy-got; the black cat; and the curly dog; the goose, long of neck; the turkey gobbler; the duck, and the little red hen. Then there was a row of birds on the top rail of a fence. And—oh, yes—there was the frog. I almost forgot the frog. He sat in a puddle.

When it was time to begin, Miss Willow snapped all her switches. It was quiet in an instant. "Now," said she, "who is absent?"

The owl cried out, "Whoo-oo, who-oo, whoo-oo!"

Miss Willow turned angrily to the horse. "Was that you who mimicked me?" she asked.

The horse, trembling very much, answered quickly, "Neigh, neigh!"

"Attention!" said Miss Willow. "What does B-A spell?"

The woolly sheep answered, "Baa!"

But just then the billy-boat stepped on the little red hen's toe. A bird on the fence behind saw it and cried out, "Whip-poor-Will!" And Miss Willow wept at the billy-goat's badness.

"We will now have our lesson in manners," said Miss Willow. "What does a man do when he meets a lady?"

The curly dog cried, "Bow!" and was patted for giving the right answer.

"And how should we eat at the table?"

The turkey answered, "Gobble, gobble, gobble!" Miss Willow reached for a switch. And the prim goose said in a shocked voice, "Hs-s, hs-s."

"Do we eat with our knives?" asked Miss Willow.

"Neigh," said the horse; and the little red hen put in "Cut, cut, cut!"

"Who is that new scholar on the fence?" Miss Willow then asked.

A brown bird answered, "Bob White!"

"And who came in late?"

The black cat cried, "Me-ow!"

But the donkey wouldn't answer any of the questions, and had to be put on the dunce stool, with a dunce cap over his long ears. And the duck always read through her nose, like this, "Quack! quack!" And one little greenish bird had to have a handkerchief tied over his bill, because he would interrupt by shouting. "Teacher—teacher—TEACHER!"

All this time the frog had sat in his puddle and said nothing. Now he put his head out, and muttered in a deep voice, "Better-go-home, better-go-home, better-go-home!"

So the wind whistled a march, and away home they went.—Little Folks.